

The Tragedie

So much for that: the silent houres scale on,
A flakie darkenesse breakes within the East,
In brieft, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shoocke of armes:
But one thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being scene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers sight.

Farewell, the leasure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweete discourse,
Which so long fundred friends should dwell vpon,
God giue leasure of these rights of loue,
Once more adiew be valiant and speede well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
He striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke one my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with heauy fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement:
That we may praise thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the ghost of prince Ed. son to Henry the sixt
Ghost to K. Ric. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: dispaire and die.

To *Rich.* Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules

of Richard the Th

Of butchered Princes fight in thy b
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comfo

Enter the Ghost of Henry

Ghost to K. Ric. When I was mortall
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispa

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire an

To *Rich.* Vertuous and holy be tho

Harrie that Prophesied thou shoul

Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue

Enter the Ghost of Clarence

Ghost. Let me sit heauy one thy sou

I that was washt to death with full so

Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd

To morrow in the battell thinke on

And fall thy edgelsse sword, dispaire

To *Rich.* Thou off-spring of the houn

The wronged heires of *York* do pra

Good Angels guard thy battell, liue

Enter the ghosts of Rivers, &

Riv. Let me sit heauy one thy soule

Rivers, that died at *Poinfret*, dispaire

Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and

Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our w

Will conquer him, awake and win th

Enter the ghost of L. Hastings

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily

And in a bloody battell end thy daye

Thinke on Lord *Hastings* dispaire an

To *Rich.* Quiet vntroubled soule, aw

Arme, fight and conquer for faire Eng

Enter the Ghost of two you

Ghost. Dreame on thy consens smet

Let vs be layd with in thy bosome R

And Weigh thee downe to ruine shan

Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire

To *R.* Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in pea

L 3